

Louis XIV, King of France

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Curfes against the Stars:

Or, the French-King's Lamentation to the Pope for his ill Success this War against the Allies; with the Pope's Answer and Advice: Together with a New Health Sung on her Majesties Birth-Day, before the Duke of Marlborough, and several others of the Nobility.

MO S T Pious Sir, Complaint to you I send,
In hopes your Goodness will my Case amend,
Since my dire Stars cannot my State defend,
Which I shall curse unto my latter end.
Behold what's past, then think on what's to come,
Before Proud France receives it's final Doom;
In former days, my Power to all was known,
O're Foreign Towns my dreadful Arms were shewn,
Under my Chains did Mighty Princes Groan,
All Kingdoms did with my dire Power suspense,
Whilst I to them could prove a sure Defence;
And thought themselves, as happy as could be
If they could gain but my Fraternity,
A certain Bulwork 'gainst Calamity.
The haughty Spaniard, Dutch and Italy,
With Portugal, and mighty Germany,



Were

Friendship when,
 And bring them off with Victory again.
 Then was I Lord o're all European Land,
 Except the British I'sles which I could ne'er Command;
 Guarded by such a Noble God-like Race
 Who live the same, whether in War or Peace,
 And can the palest Death unshocken Face.
 Governed By a QUEEN, unto whose Crown,
 I find with shame I must at last Bow Down;
 And all my former Lawrels now must yield,
 Submissively to ANNA's Mighty Shield,
 Which where it comes with Honour Guards the Field.
 Brave Eugene do's with Victoty Advance,
 Unto the Noblest Provinces of France;
 There's Marlgh's Sword, thro' all my Arms makes way,
 With Horror do's my Souldiers Hearts dismay,
 And never fails to win the Fleeting Day.
 The Valiant Hells do's me with Blows annoy,
 On t'other side I'm beaten by Savoy;
 Old Gallway do's o're my Stomach stick
 Though he's unfortunate he'll sometime Nick,
 The time, on me to play some grievous Trick.
 There's Hanover although he is but young,
 Yet his brave Soul's as Noble and as Strong;
 As full of Virtue and of Piety,
 As 'tis of everlasting Victory,
 And never fading Conquest's over me.
 Next Murray, Webb, and brave Cadogan too;
 By well Experienc'd Arms advance my Woe,
 These Threelike Grey Hounds by the Huntsman sent,
 New plotting tricks to Plague me still invent,
 And never fail to carry their intent,
 The United Provinces do vex me too,
 With such another Bold and Warlike crew;
 Then

Then these are joyned to my Grievances,
By that bold Heroe Charles the Third of Spain,
Who will I fear that Monarchy regain,
What shall I do in this so great Distress,
Or how can I my Grievances Redress,
Shall I again by Battle try my Fate,
Or with the brave Allies Capitulate,
And so descend unto my Antient State.

The POPE's Answer.

IF to my Judgment, you will please to trust,
Chuse not what great appears, but what is just,
Why should you not e're things are desperate grown,
By giving what is theirs preserve your own,
Keeping those Countrys will at last be found,
A Gang-Green, the corrupt will Eat the Sound.
Let not Posterity have cause to say,
That you lost France, and lost her in one day;
You find none of your Generals can stand,
They're always Beaten both by Sea and Land.
Bold Tallard yields, Brave Mercin Dyes,
Fine Villeroy runs, Wise Vendosme flies;
Great Bouffleurs stands, but stands in vain,
Brisk Villars Fights, but Fights in pain,
Retreating Quits the Bloody Plain.
No Brighter HEROES can Advance,
To Re-inforce a totter'd France;
Let Brighter come, Let old Turin,
And Luxemburgh Revive again,
Still Marlborough Lives, Still lives Eugene.

In Love and Honour Friends Ally'd,
 In Fights and Sieges Victory try'd;
 Willing and Able to Repeat the Blow,
 And vanquish o're again the Beaten Foe.
 Yield haughty Gaul, Superiors Genius own,
 Relinquish the Lawrels of the Gallick Crown,
 To Pious ANN bow down, Relinquish Spain,
 Forget the Tyrant, And a Monarch Reign.

The Health.

NOW comes on the glorious year,
 Britain's Hope and France's Fear,
 Lewis the Wars has cost so dear,
 He flyly Peace does tender:
 But our Two Heroes too well do know,
 The Breach of his Word some years ago,
 They resolve to give him the other Blow,
 Unless he'll Spain Surrender.

A Health to our Queen then straight begin,
 To Mgh. the Great and brave Eugene,
 With them let valiant Webb come in,
 Who late performed a wonder:
 Then to the Ocean an Offering make,
 And boldly carrouse to brave Sir John Lake,
 Who with Mortar and Cannon Mahoon did take,
 And made the Pope knock under.

Beat up the Drum a new Alarm,
 The Foe is Cold and we are Warm,
 The Monsieur's Troops can do no Harm,
 Tho' they exceed in Number.
 Push them once more and the Wars is done,
 Old Men and Boys will surely run,
 For they're sure we can Beat them Four to One
 Which he too well Remembers.

23 AP 68

*London Printed: And Re-Printed in Channel-Row,
 Dublin. 1709-10.*